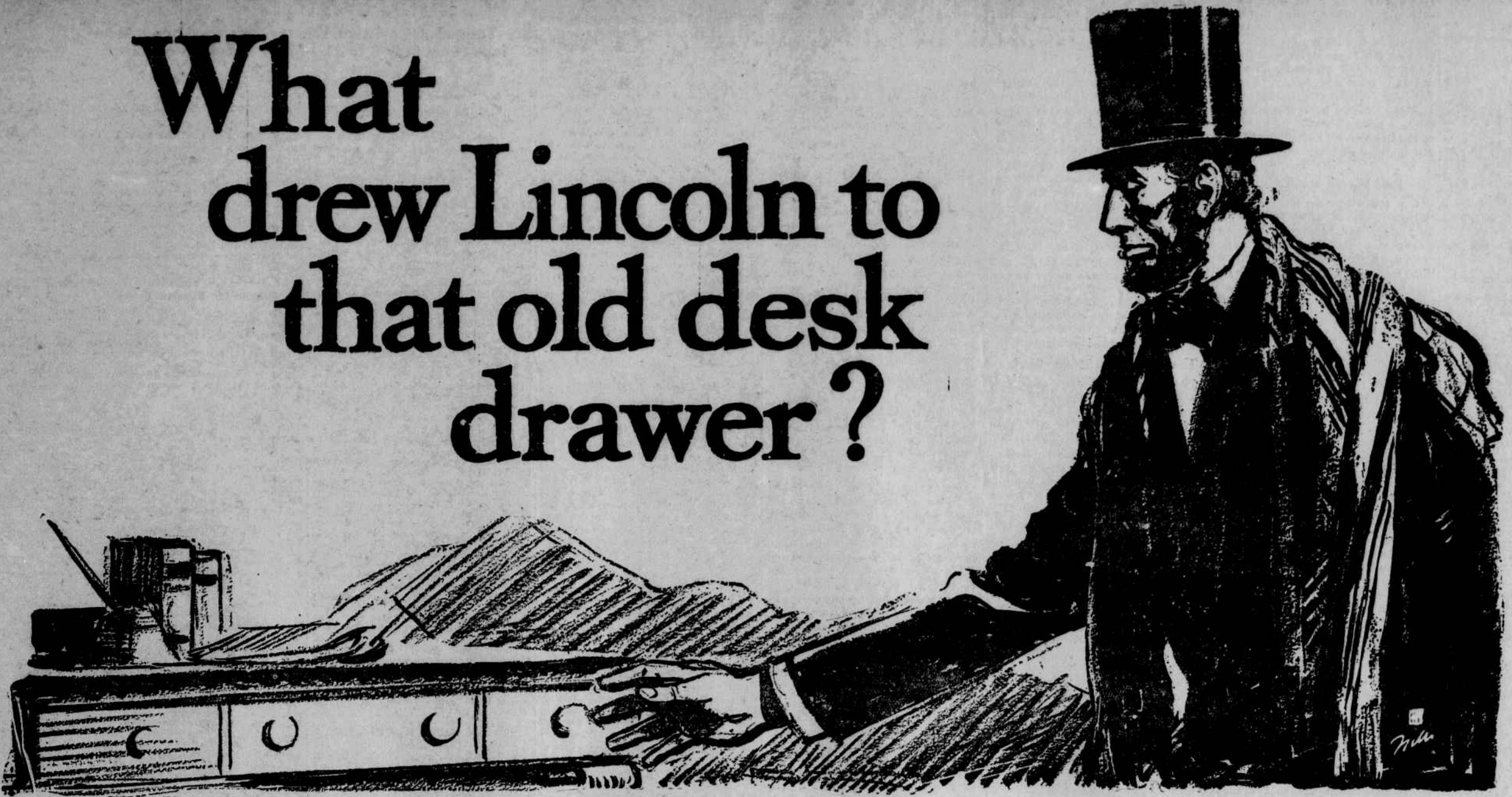


What drew Lincoln to that old desk drawer?



THE DOOR of the White House swings open.

Out to the porch, down the steps, and silently across the lawn a tall, bowed figure moves.

At the War Department those who stand on watch know where he is bound. He finds his way to a quiet room, and seating himself at an old-fashioned desk, pulls out the middle drawer.

What is it that brings him here? What can any desk hold that is vital enough to draw the President out of the White House night after night?

NEWS.

Accurate first-hand news. One copy of every dispatch that Secretary of War Stanton receives goes into that drawer to be kept for the President's call.

Cabinet members to see him? Senators? Generals? Let them wait. They want decisions: in the drawer is the stuff out of which decisions are made.

Slowly he lifts the yellow sheets; the kerosene lamp flickers; the room grows still.

Abraham Lincoln bends over the news.

In those tense, burdened days of the

Civil War thousands of families became dependent on newspapers for the first time in their lives. For the first time they learned that far-away events really are *not* far away. The guns of Gettysburg shook the remotest home; and towns two thousand miles from the sea waited breathless for tidings from Mobile Bay.

So a generation lived and learned and died; and a new generation stood in its place.

And in 1914, in a town whose name we could hardly pronounce, a prince and his consort were shot to death. Merely one more murder in a distant land; turn over the page; it means nothing to us.

Nothing?

Nothing, except to take two million of our sons three thousand miles to Flanders Fields.

Nothing, except to double or treble the price of everything we eat and wear.

Nothing, except to throw into disarray all the processes of our business life.

Out of our calm isolation we woke to the fact that the world has shrunk to a neighborhood. There are no more far-off events. Whatever happens *anywhere* happens to us.

"News!" is intelligent America's cry. "Give us accurate, immediate, world-wide news! Sift it; condense it; interpret it without color or bias for use in our busy lives."

For thirty years one publication, and only one, The Literary Digest, had been building itself to satisfy that demand.

From 349,560 copies in 1914 it has been carried by its indispensable service and uninterrupted advertising to a circulation of 1,300,000 and more. The circulation will be larger this summer than in any previous summer; it will be larger this fall than in any previous fall. And The Literary Digest continues its advertising.

Each week more thoughtful men and women learn

—where every important dispatch is interpreted for them;

—where the opinions of every great newspaper; of every live trade, agricultural and business publication from every State in the Union and every country in the world will be recorded;

—where every significant bank bulletin and Government report are condensed and explained.

THEY know, these thoughtful men and women, that the news of the world is the stuff out of which their decisions must be made. And The

Literary Digest is to them what the old desk drawer was to Lincoln—a magnet that draws with vital force because its contents are vital.

There are great tides in the affairs of men which sweep institutions forward or hurl them back. In the grip of such a tide The Literary Digest is being lifted day by day, week by week, month by month to increased circulation.

Consistent national advertising accentuates the lift; and The Literary Digest *continues* its advertising.

But the tide is not dependent upon advertising for its direction and force; its currents run deep in the underlying conditions of present day life. In the knitting together of the world into a neighborhood; in the insistent need of a larger and larger number of households for world-wide information *because the very livelihood of those households is influenced by world-wide events.*

Those manufacturers who yoke their businesses to the growth of The Literary Digest by advertising in its pages are enlisting a force *wider and deeper* than circulation figures can portray.

They are linking their progress irresistibly to the very spirit of the times.

Immediate National Publicity*

The Literary Digest

at ten cents 1,300,000 at ten cents

*IMMEDIATE NATIONAL PUBLICITY
Advertising copy may be inserted in The Literary Digest three days before mailing begins, and within ten days the complete issue is delivered throughout the United States. To introduce a new product or policy, to announce a change in price, a bond or stock issue, the opening of new branch offices or any similar news which must be spread from coast to coast quickly, The Literary Digest's service is unmatched.